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The Daughter Of Death.



romance

fantasy

anything.

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Chapter 1 by Skeld

Mortema was her name, and she was the daughter of Death. She was beautiful and glowed under the moonlight. Her father was half a world away doing his own Reaping. She would not always volunteer, but today was different. Peculiar, even. She sensed something, but could not make out what it was...For the feeling was Human. Completely unlike her.

Now, as she walked slowly under the shimmering stars, she thought of all the people she had Reaped. None was like this one. She walked barefoot on the cold snow. Next to her, the lake had frozen, but the blood flowed on it just like the water it housed. He was lying in the middle, clutching his chest. Even now, he was trying to stop the bleed. But it was not to be...

Or was it to be?

As she walked towards him, she sensed a tingling under her skin. She even shivered. He looked upon her in terror, for he knew that his time was ended...But, she could not do it. Something was forbidding her. She just stood there and studied him. He was very young. Yet, in his eyes, there was wisdom beyond his years. He shone in the Moonlight. He knew it was time, but she just stared at him.

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Many places she had been and many emotions she had seen, but he was unique...

Love... That was the only emotion she had never seen...

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But, he was human. Yet, somehow she knew it was the right thing to do. And so, for the first time in an eternity, she did not Reap. She gave him her right hand and helped him to his feet. In under a minute, he was completely healed. He beamed at her and she could not resist doing the same.

She took his hand and lead him out of the frozen lake, knowing well the consequences she had to face...

Chapter 2 by -



"My name is Jack. Why don't you come to my place tonight? My parents will want to meet you; I owe you my life!" He turned and faced the woman, placing his hands gently on her waist. Jack looked deep into Mortema's yearning eyes.

Ironical. It was she who was supposed to take the breathe of the living, not to give it! And yet the feeling of having someone at your mercy, someone who now looks to you for their soul...

She gasped and gave a weak smile. Then Mortema put her hand into Jack's, as he weaved her through a moonlit forest.

Chapter 3 by -



"Mom, dad?! I have a guest with me tonight!" Jack yelled from the home's entrance. "Yoo-hoo?!" He craned his head inside the door and listened.

Jack wrinkled his brow in puzzlement. He started to take a step within, when an arm gently grabbed his shirt and held him back. He turned his head in quick annoyance.

Mortema looked into his eyes. "Death has visited this place... I'm sorry." She uttered in a hushed tone, casting her gaze to the ground.

Jack ripped himself from her grasp and rushed into his house frantically. Adrenaline pumped throughout his veins.

"No! NO!" He shook his head with a look of disbelief.

Mortema stepped into the room, her eyes fixed on Jack's face, a look of thick blood.

Chapter 4 by Another



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"Do something! Bring them back to life! Now!!" Jack cried in agony above the slaughtered bodies of his parents.

"Forgive me Jack, for this is far beyond my powers, He has taken them both and I can't reach for their souls anymore." Mortema said in a cold, slow way. Her eyes, two beautiful azure iris, were gazing at the boy's parents with a feeling of guilt.

Not that it was her fault. Death has nothing to do with the way or the place or the time that people die, especially when the cause is murder. Yes, Death can release a poor soul from the torment of an illness far sooner, or spread the hemorrhage of a wounded soldier that had defied His power just a bit more, but to actually make things happen? Never. This was the job of two far greater powers, one sitting in the very depths of the Earth's lava core and the other upon his mighty throne above the clear sky. Death was the one transferring the pour souls and that's all.

Yet, Mortema felt something upon her pale skin she had never felt before. A tear...

"Don't you just stand there! Do something! You brought me back, help them! They are innocent! I wasn't! It's me you must take! Not them!", the young boy was raving and crying upon his parent's bodies. Moving in agony once to their faces begging them to wake back and once at Mortema's feet, begging her mercy.

"He has taken them! It's over Jack. There is nothing you can do, nor I!" Mortema said and her breath was sobbing out. One could say that the Daughter of Death, for the first time in her eternal life, had experienced pain...

"Well then you are useless to me! But I won't let this happen! Do you understand me? I take a vow before you that I will find Death and will make him pay for what he did! He will return them back to life and he will take their murderers even if I give him my very life as payment!". As soon as he uttered his vow, he pushed Mortema to the side and head off the door into the wilds.

Mortema saw in his eyes a flame he had never witnessed. She had harvested the souls of many wild soldiers and brave young men and yet this kind of bravery and undaunted passion was one of a kind.

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under the full-moon light. And then she took her decision, it was a decision taken from any human part she had inside her, a decision defying her very nature and reason of existence.

"I will help you find him Jack, I will help you get your beloved ones back!" Mortema shouted and Jack stood still at the sound of that promise!

Maybe this way, you can forgive me!

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